His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not to do with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death, and hell haue set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.
Glo. What doth she say my Lo: of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.
Q. M. What dost thou scorne me for my gentle coun- (sell?
And sooth the diuell that I warne thee from?
O but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poore Margaret was a prophetesse:
Liue each of you the subiects of his hate,
And he to your, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
Hast. My haire doth stand on end to heare her curses.
Riu. And so doth mine, I wonder shee's at libertie.
Glo. I cannot blame her by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.
Qu. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong.
I was to hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repaid,
He is frankt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cause of it.
Riu. A vertuous and a Christianlike conclusion,
To pray for them that haue done scathe to vs.
Glo. So do I euer, being well aduisde,
For had I curst, now I had curst my selfe.
Catsf. Madam his maiestie doth call for you.
And for your Grace, and you my noble Lo:
Qu. Catesby we come, Lords will you go with vs.
Riu. Madame we will attend your grace. *Exeunt. man. Ri.*
Glo. I doe the wrong, and first began to braule
The secret mischiefes that I set abroach,
I lay vnto the greeuous charge of others
Clarence, whom I indeede haue laid in darkenesse:
I do beweepe to many simple guls:

Name-

Namely to Hast
And say it is the
Thar stirre the K
Now they beleeu
To be reuengde
But then I sigh, a
Tell them that G
And thus I cloat
With old odde e
And seeme a Sai
But soft, here con
How now, my ha
Are you now go
Execu. We are,
That we may be
Glo. It was wel
When you haue c
But firs, be sudde
Withall, obdurate
For Clarence is w
May moue your
Exec. Tush, fear
Talkers are no go
We come to vse o
Glo. Your eies dr
I like you lads, abo

Bro. Why looke
Clar. Oh, I haue
So full of vgly sigh
That as I am a Chr
I would not spend
Though t'were to
So full of dismall te
Bro. What was y
Cla. Me though
And in my compa
Who from my cab

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